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Architecture

SOME LESSER KNOWN
ARCHITECTURE OF LONDON



SOME LESSER KNOWN ARCHITECTURE OF LONDON

By JAMES BURFORD, A.R.I.B.A.

AND

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SOME LESSER KNOWN
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BY JAMES H. BROWN
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J. H. BROWN

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FOREWORD

IN selecting the illustrations for this book we have thought it wise, with regard to its scope, to exclude ecclesiastical buildings; and since the later Georgian Architecture has been so adequately dealt with in recent publications we have restricted our choice, for the most part, to the work of earlier days.

Whilst we are conscious of some slight omissions, we would plead for them the exigencies of weather and opportunity. At the same time we desire to thank those who have given permission and afforded facilities for photographing buildings in their care or possession, and without whose co-operation many of the illustrations could not have been made.

JAMES BURFORD,
J. D. M. HARVEY.

STAPLE INN, LONDON.

October, 1925.

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SOME LESSER KNOWN ARCHITECTURE OF LONDON

ALL roads lead to London Town. But the pilgrim who journeys along them will be little rewarded by a sight of old buildings at his journey's end. The Great Fire swept most away, and perhaps—when all is said, that was not an unkindly, certainly a sanitative, fate. And of what was left the hand of the builder and the zeal of the improver have spared but little.

Here and there, about the City, near Cannon Street or Cheapside, a Hall of a City Company or an old house or two, dating from Restoration days, still stands woebegone, in the temporary security of a by-street. Though their glory is departed they still vaunt bravely a rare door or consoled hood, and hide from the curious all that is left of a carved stair, of a some time wealth of panelled rooms. There is such a house in Lawrence Pountney Hill, and another, with carved doorway back and front, in a turning off Mark Lane. There is a house with a neat red brick façade, with broad white-sashed windows, much retired in a small court near Tower Street, and very prosperous in the hands of a City Wine-merchant. There is a room in Fleet Street with an intricate plaster ceiling and panelling of Tudor times.

Of the old shop-fronts of London a passing word must be

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said. A few are left—that is, a few of merit. There is, of course, Birch's, opposite the Royal Exchange, famous for its Aldermanic Turtle ; there is the Tobacconist's in the Haymarket, too well known to need description ; the Newsagent's in



"THE GEORGE," SOUTHWARK

Deane Street, with its baroque panels and original lettering on the name board ; there is the old shop in Tower Street, very Greek ; and, best of all, with its columns and cartouches and thick glazing bars, the Grocer's shop in Artillery Lane, Spitalfields. A few years ago there were more. These old shops have a sad way of disappearing.

Of the old Coaching Inns, once so many—and well famed in song and story—

nothing is left to tell of former days but a part of "The George," in Southwark High Street. It is still pleasant enough, with its long rows of sashed windows and its tiers of columned balconies with chambermaids tripping along them, as they have tripped these many years. There is a

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retrospective clatter of horses' hooves on the cobbled yard, the ghostly shout of ghostly ostlers, the crack of a spectral whip, a rumble of phantom wheels, and there, but for the Grace of God, goes the Stage Coach on the Dover Road.

But whatever be the fate of the Inns of hospitality, the Inns of Court, legal and most delectable retreats, are with us still. A turn through an arched gateway, or a covered passage, and we leave the noise of busy streets and the bustle of the pavement. The very quietness lends a vague awe, a sense of prying trespass. But we can take our pleasure in a fancied cloak of borrowed learning, and amuse an idle hour pacing the sheltered courts, conversing with the solemn shades of our pretended predecessors.

But with the Inns of Chancery Time has dwelt hardly. Of the original nine how little is left ! Staple Inn still stands. Clifford's Inn is a sorry sight and up for sale. There is just enough of the Hall of Barnard's Inn to be sadly reminiscent. The rest are no more.

“ Staple Inn was the Inne or Hostell of the Merchants of the Staple (as the Tradition is), wherewith until I can learne better matter, concerning the antiquity and foundation thereof, I must rest satisfied. But for latter matters I cannot choose but make report, and much to the prayse and commendation of the Gentlemen of this House, that they have

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bestowed great costs in the new-building a fayre Hall of brick, and two parts of the Outward Courtyards, besides other lodging in the garden and elsewhere, and have thereby made it the fayrest Inne of Chauncery in this Universitie." So says Sir George Buc, in Howe's edition of his work, published in 1631.

Not far away, in Guilford Street, is the Foundling Hospital, founded in 1739 by Captain Thomas Coram, and designed by Theodore Jacobson, the architect of the Royal Hospital at Gosport. An old copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine*—that celebrated repository of information of minor importance—has the following entry: "29 March, 1741. The orphans received into the Hospital were baptised there—some nobility of the first rank standing godfathers and godmothers. The first male was named Thomas Coram, and the first female Eunice Coram, after the first promoter of that charity and his wife. The most robust boys being designed for the sea service were named Drake, Norris, Blake, etc., after our most famous admirals." The building is severe and impressive, contains a suite of fine rooms, and is very well set at the end of a spacious forecourt which gains a distinction, and no little charm, from the long colonnades which go round three sides of it, ending very pleasantly in pavilions with lantern-lights atop.

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London, east of the Tower, is to many a dim tale or mystery and imagination, but it holds little to fulfil the expectations of the searcher for old buildings. Its chief Treasure, and that no mean one, is the Trinity Almshouses in the Mile End Road. There is a rare flavour about these little buildings—part nautical, with the stone ships on the gable ends and the flagmast in the turfed Court; part Dutch, with the small red bricks and the big hoods and carved brackets above the narrow doors.

Hard by, on Stepney Green—now fallen from its high estate—are a few houses of some worth. One of them still has a grand air—keeps up appearances as it were—with a tall door with a shell-like hood above, a long flight of steps below, and a wrought-iron garden gate which was once fine, and is still interesting.

Then there is Wapping—"Wapping in the Wose," as Stow calls it, "signifying as much," says Strype, "as in the Wash or in the Drain." It was the scene of Execution Dock, "the usual place of execution for hanging of pirates and sea-rovers at the low water-mark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them" (Stow). The parish Church of Wapping is dedicated to Saint John, and close by it are the Charity Schools, founded in 1695 for sixty boys and fifty girls—a plain brick building enlivened with two coloured

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statues of the scholars, a boy and a girl, in their old-fashioned dresses, set in niches above the entrance door. In the Church yard, shadowed by elms and elder trees, is a wrought-iron gate with a little gilt Virgin and Child in the cresting of it.

There is Limehouse, with its curious, weather-boarded, painted buildings jutting over the waterside, unsanitary and picturesque.



OLD HOUSES, BARKING

Barking is chiefly famous—at least to the architect and antiquary—for Eastbury House. But there is an old building or two in its high street—all much decayed—and until a year or so back a timbered Court House of Elizabethan Age. Eastbury House—tradi-

tion gives the date of 1572—is worth study for its cunning brickwork and its graceful chimney-shafts, but sadly placed on the Essex flats and little inhabited in its long history for fear of spooks and the river mists with their agues and ills that flesh is heir to.

On the right bank, going east again, there is something

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to be found, that is not well known, at Rotherhithe, Deptford and Greenwich. Greenwich—famous for its Hospital, its Queen's House, and, according to an old facetious guide-book, "celebrated for whitebait, a delicate fish, remarkable for its intoxicating properties, to judge from the deportment of those who have taken freely of it"—has several minor attractions—architectural as distinct from gastronomic—and not the least of them is the brick and plaster Summer House attributed to Sir Cristopher Wren on the steep slope of Croom's Hill.

At Rotherhithe is a row of red brick houses of foreign and dilapidated mien. At Deptford is the Old Church, the Church House, and Albury Street. Albury Street is certainly one of the architectural curiosities of London. A narrow street, a mean street, of flat-fronted, sash-windowed little houses, and every street door—and here lies the wonder—protected by a carved hood, and every hood with a pair of carved brackets. There are long brackets and short brackets, brackets with crisp volutes and brackets with broad-spreading acanthus leaves, brackets with lions rampant, couchant, passant, with leaping cherubs and sleeping cherubs, and cherubs all heads and wings like those that Coleridge hoped would people Dr. Boyer's heaven ; in short, a unique and comprehensive collection of brackets.

SOME LESSER KNOWN

Though all roads lead to London Town, there are, when all is said, but few buildings that are not well known ; there is but little to reward a search for the obscure or unexpected. But reverse the journey, follow the roads out of Town, and a different tale is told.

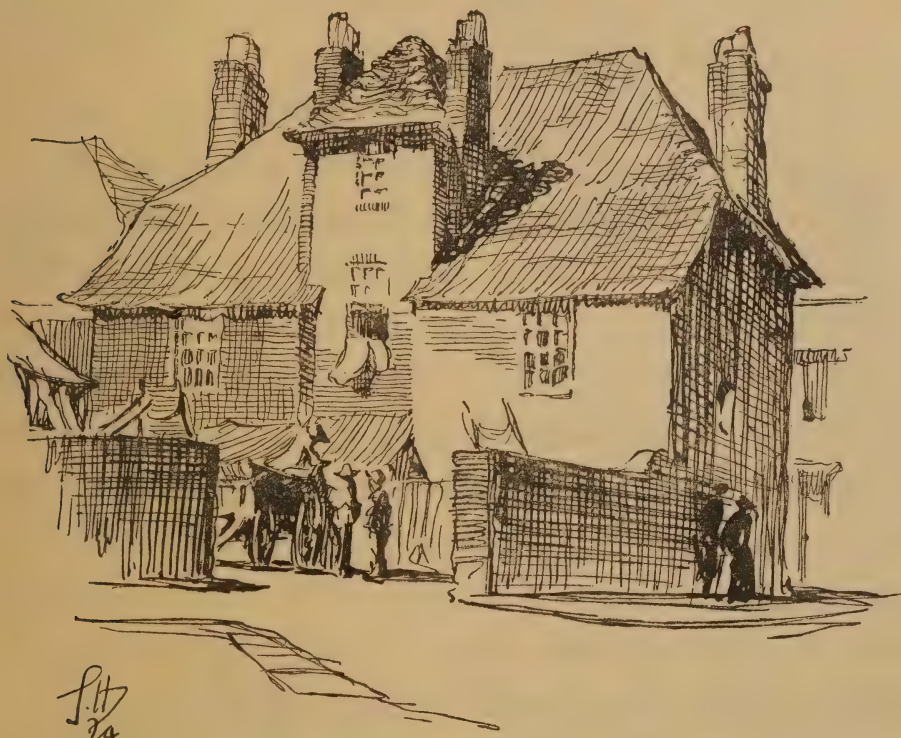
A country House, close enough to be convenient, far enough to be rural, has been the fashion of the rich from time immemorable. Royal Palaces, Lords' great Houses, were one time ringed about the Capital—and a great house must have dependencies. This is the story of Richmond, Hampton, Eltham, Lambeth and, perhaps, Chelsea. Then there were the little towns, Hammersmith, Hampstead, Brentford and the like, each with its suburban society, and, in the course of time, the city merchant needs must have a house at one of them. In these towns and villages we might expect to find, and a search is often well rewarded, the buildings which in their quiet way form, for the most part, the lesser known architecture of London.

And what is more natural than that towns and villages should grow up, going westwards, on the banks of the River Thames. The River is their natural line of communication. But the penny steamers do not pay. Londoners ignore their river. They hurry across it, but the "broad silver highway" is not their way home to Chelsea, to Hammersmith, to Kew ;

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but then, may be, the silver has tarnished since the days of Sir Thomas More.

Chelsea has been famous for many things, for its Hospital, its Gardens, its waterworks, its buns, its china and its



OLD HOUSES, HAMMERSMITH

custards. The Hospital alone remains, the rest are only names or memories. Artistically it is said to have been discovered by Whistler, and has remained popular with artists ever since. But perhaps its rows of Georgian houses are as much a part of its attractions as its associations. Its chief architectural

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interests are conveniently concentrated in Cheyne Walk, with a few fine houses and a row of wrought-iron gates.



STRAND ON THE GREEN

Hammersmith, westwards along the River, holds less of interest than might be supposed from its antiquity and situation. There are still a few old houses along the Mall, with some good rooms in them, but for the most part given over to commerce or sport,

and brooding a little sadly on the good old times. Hammersmith was the site of a noble house, built by Sir Nicolas Crispe in the reign of Charles I. "On our first visit to these premises in 1812," says the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1822, "the whole were in the finest condition, and it is with great regret that we have to describe this once celebrated mansion, not as it is, but as it was, not a vestige



STRAND ON THE GREEN

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of it remaining to attest its former grandeur and magnificence."

At Hammersmith the traveller coming from Hyde Park Corner on the Staines Road said good-bye to security and prepared for the terrors of Turnham Green. A century and a half ago "The Green" stretched from the river to the Hendon Hills on the north, from Hammersmith to Brentford on the west. It was haunted by foot-pads and highwaymen, and—perhaps—the ghosts of their victims too. Here was the special preserve of Jack Sheppard, John Rann, and many another adventurous rascal beatified by popular sentiment—for all they generally made their last public appearance on Tyburn Tree, and made it gaily if accounts be true.



STRAND ON THE GREEN

But if Hammersmith Mall has grown commercialised Chiswick Mall and Strand on the Green have retained their old-time charm—Chiswick Mall, very genteelly retired and a little aloof, very properly situated with its Church at one end—a famous old Church, "though much restored," as the guide-books say.

And so, on past Kew, to Richmond.

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Richmond certainly grew about its Palace. The Palace is there in part to-day. In Old Palace Yard the rich Tudor brickwork and tall Queen Anne windows are very pleasantly contrasted. Indeed, to Queen Anne's days, or thereabouts, Richmond owes its charm. There is the terrace of stiff-standing houses with the appropriate name of Maids of Honour



THE "TRUMPETER'S HOUSE,"
RICHMOND

Row. There are wrought-iron gates and carved cornices in Old Palace Place, and along the north side of the Green groups of white sashed buildings with carved doorways, very Dutch-looking and irregularly formal. Up the Hill, to the left, is the pleasant Ormond Road, with its red brick fronts and consoled hoods. And there is a row of tidy houses, not so fine as in their younger days, but interesting enough for all that, opposite the Church.

Across the river, at Twickenham, is Orleans Road. But here nothing is as it should be ; every house shows some alteration, some incongruity, something carelessly mis-

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handled. The old buildings of London are not so many that we can be prodigal of their charms.

At Hampstead things go more often than not to the other extreme. Hampstead is too well cared for. Its old buildings



OLD HOUSES ON THE PETERSHAM ROAD

are too consciously antique. It presumes on its Old Age. But it has one possession of which it may well be proud—Church Row. Surely this is one of the most charming streets in England. In a courteous and spacious Age were such streets built.

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Across the Heath is the "Spaniards' Inn," jutting out on the road very invitingly, and a garden-house, or a gazebo, by the side of it, with a curious chinoiserie of hood and railings. And so down Hampstead Lane to Highgate—quietly unpretentious with its tree-lined Grove, its shady walks and trim brick houses. On Highgate Hill is Cromwell House with strong bold front and intricately carved stair within.



OLD HOUSES AT HIGHGATE

Of the other some time towns and villages in the North of London, Stoke Newington has Church Street, with a row of sash-windowed houses, like the Close of a cathedral city; Tottenham has some old buildings on the Green, for the most part in sad repair, and a curious little shop, with square bay windows, and a steep flight of steps to the door; Edmonton, with memories of John Gilpin, has its market place.

In the South-east are Blackheath, Eltham and Lee.

Blackheath, in the old days, gave the same disadvantages and opportunities to the South-east of London as Turnham Green on the West. It was the haunt of the roadside robber and the scene of insurrection feuds. In Restoration days

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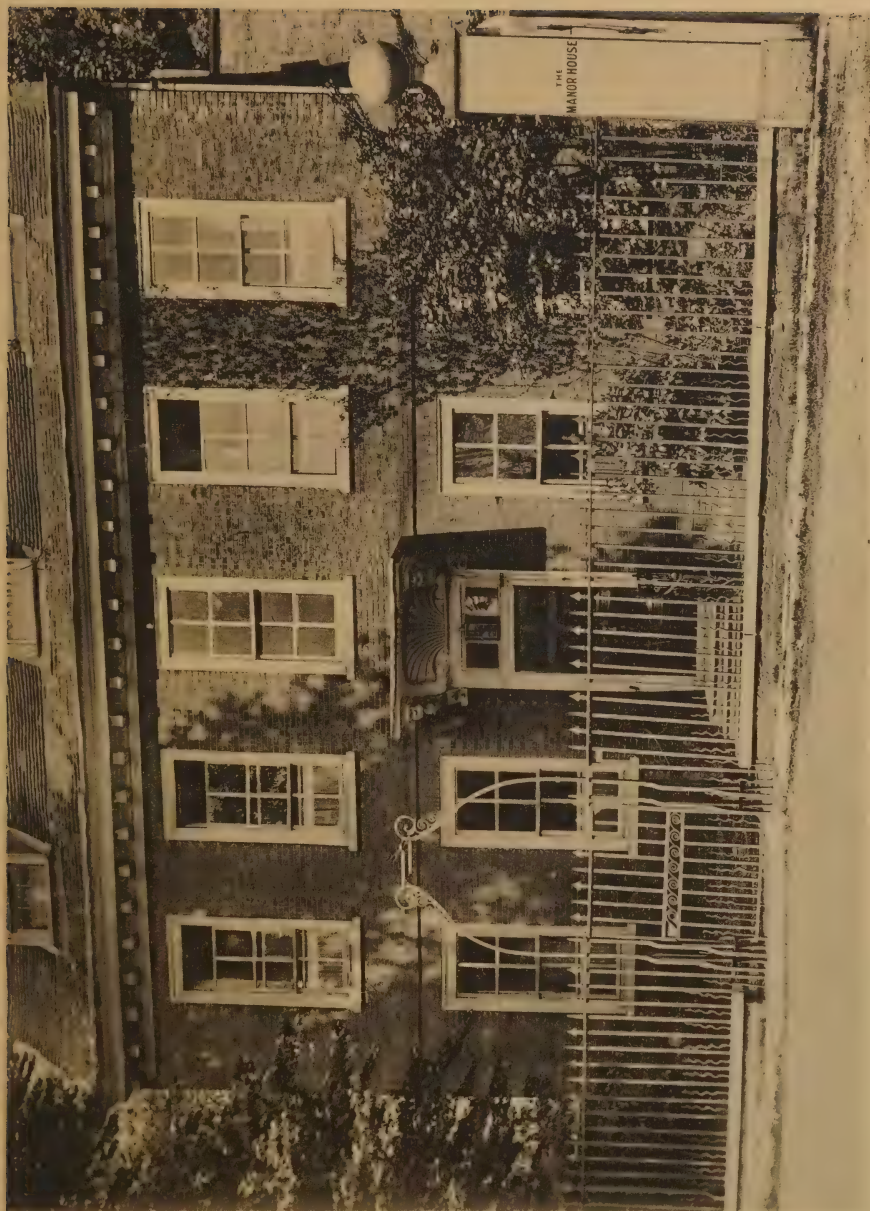
it took something of a residential character, and achieved a general popularity in the early years of the nineteenth century.

“ Among the many venerable remains of the once magnificent dwellings of Princes, there cannot be one more deserving of notice than that of Eltham in Kent,” says a writer of 1812, in the stilted language of his time. “ King John’s Palace ” is its popular name. The Hall and one of the two bridges over the moat is all that remains to-day. Henry III kept a public Christmas there in 1270, and to the reign of Henry VIII the Palace was the favourite scene for Royal Yuletide Festivities. Near the bridge is the weather-boarded “ Chancellor’s Lodging,” and further off, on the north side of the Eltham road, are the Tudor buildings of Well Hall Farm.

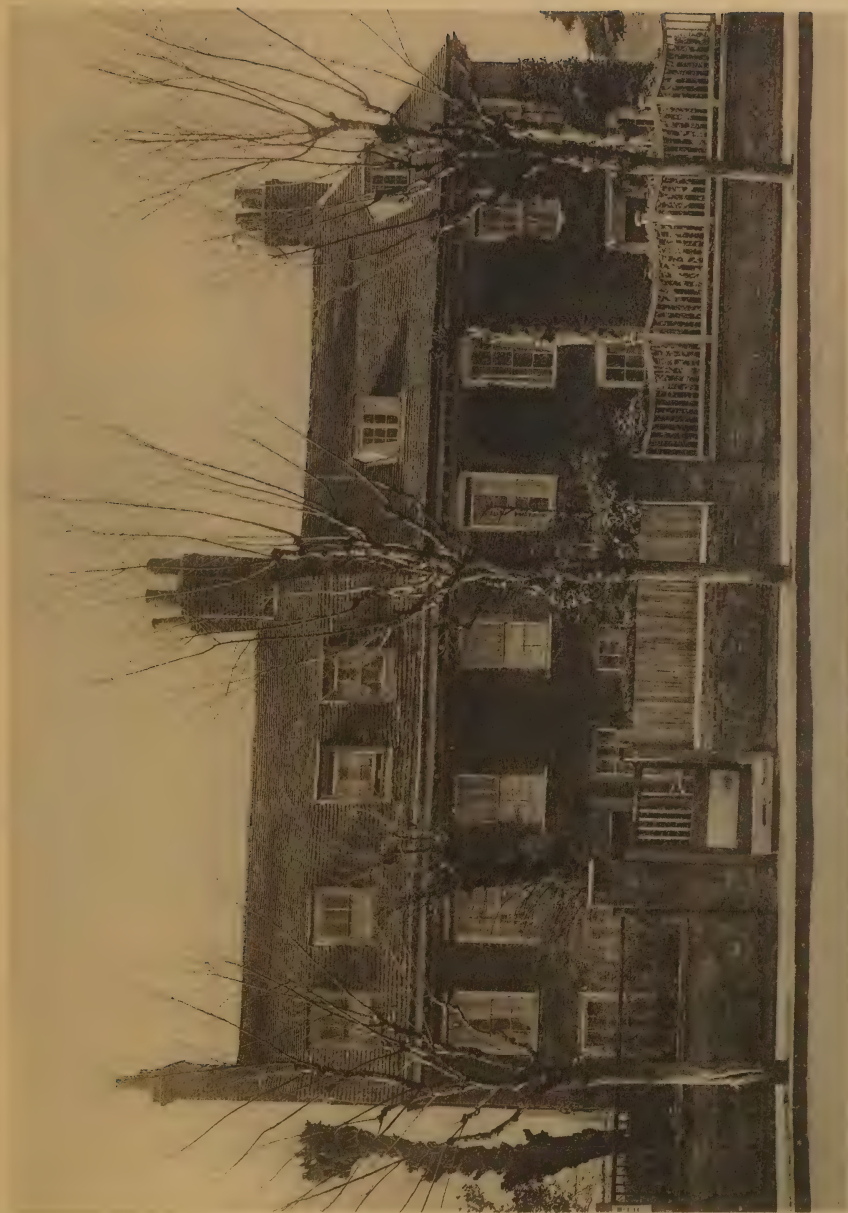
Of old Lee little is left but St. Margaret’s Church yard, but that a church yard not to be passed lightly by. They must have been of substance whose graves were so extravagantly marked with obelisk, with altar-tomb and funeral urn. And here the hunter after epitaphs may fill his notebook with many an item, from the platitudinous couplet, to the twenty lines or more of ultra-classical verse which record the memory of Thomas Garnet, Gent.

* * * *

“ O London town is a fine town,” but when the tale is told there is but little in the telling that speaks of brave and bygone days.

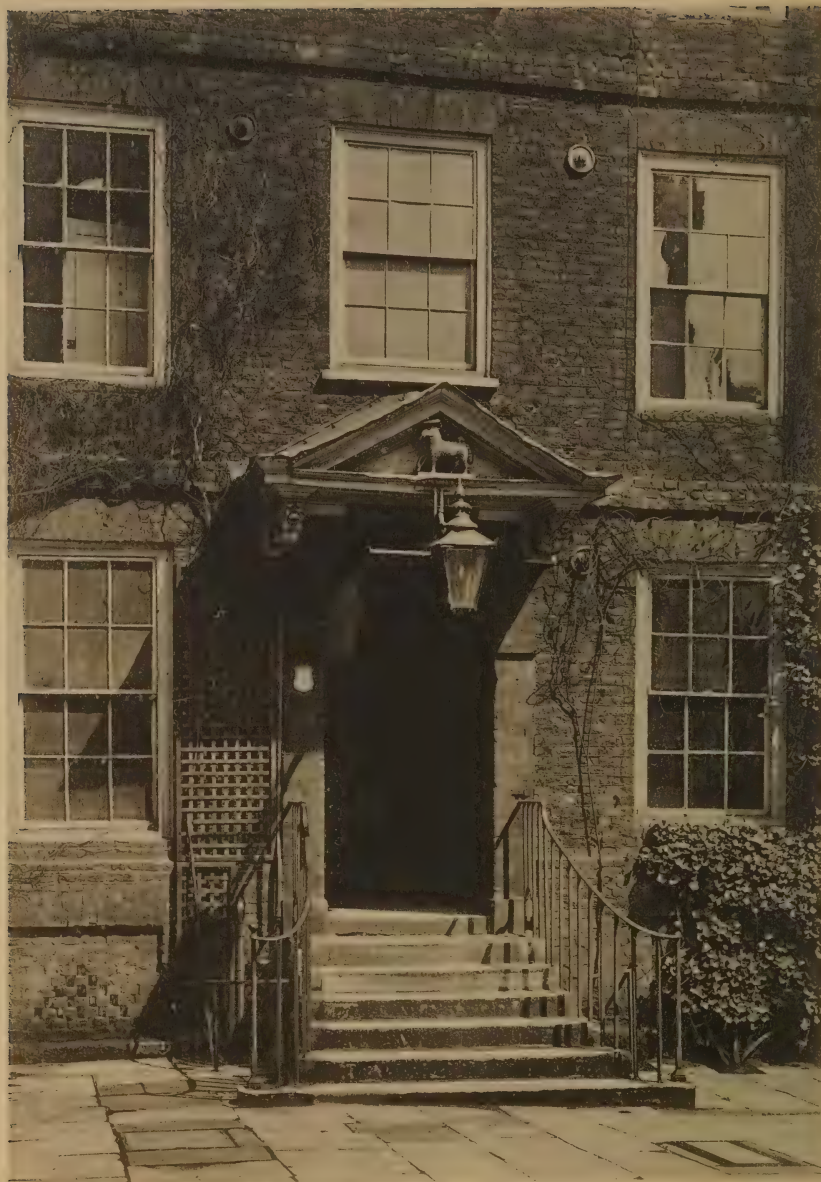














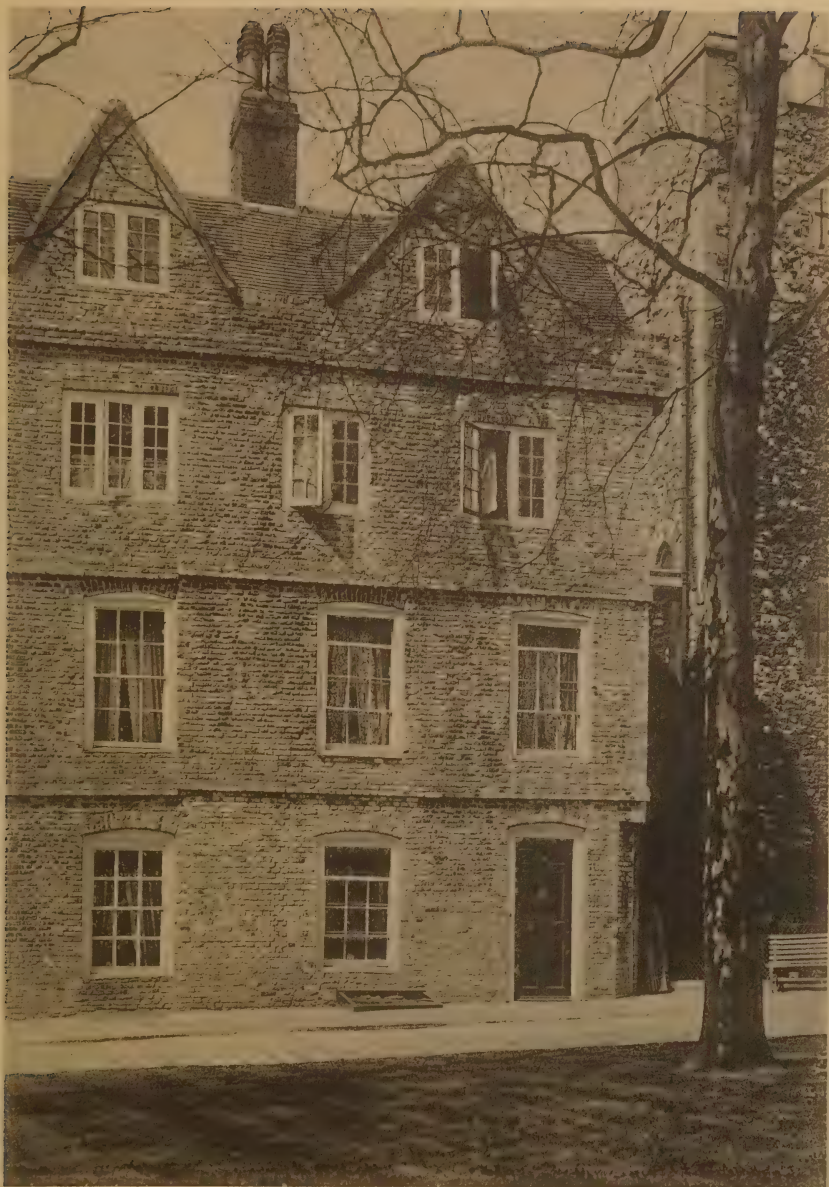












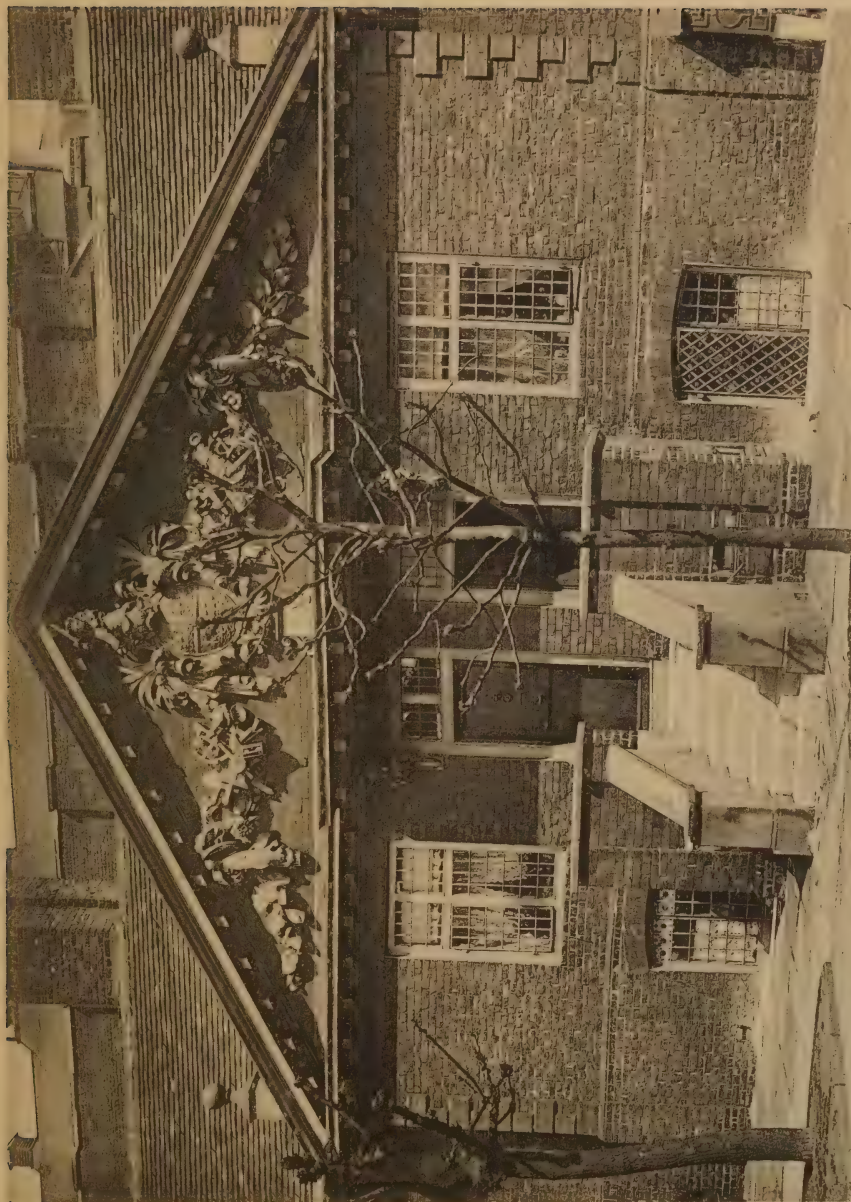


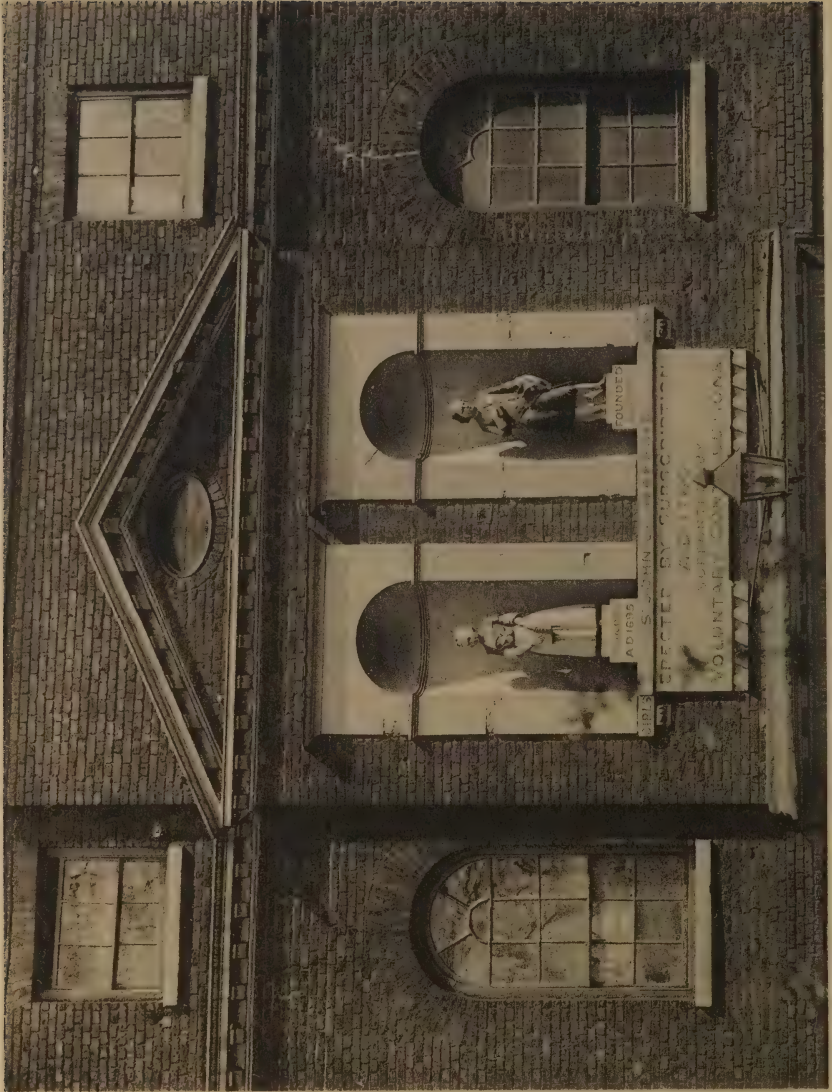






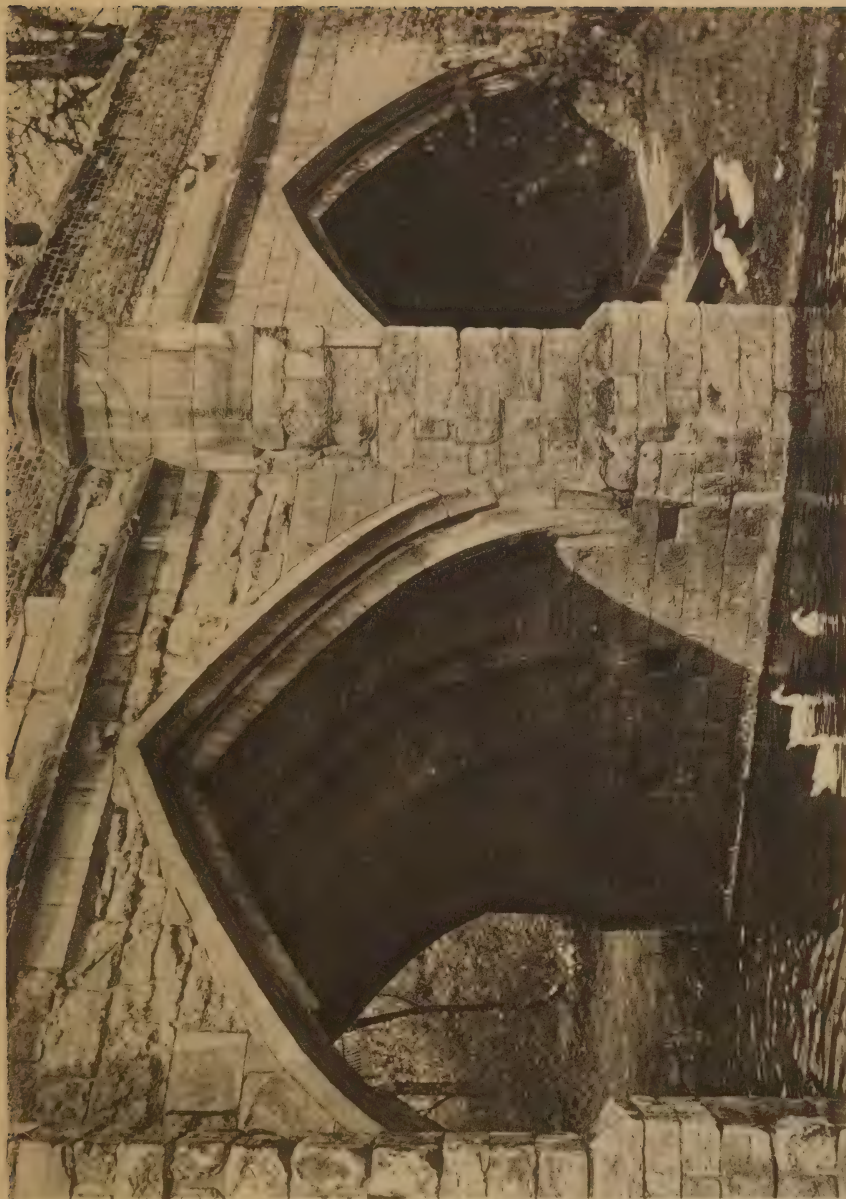


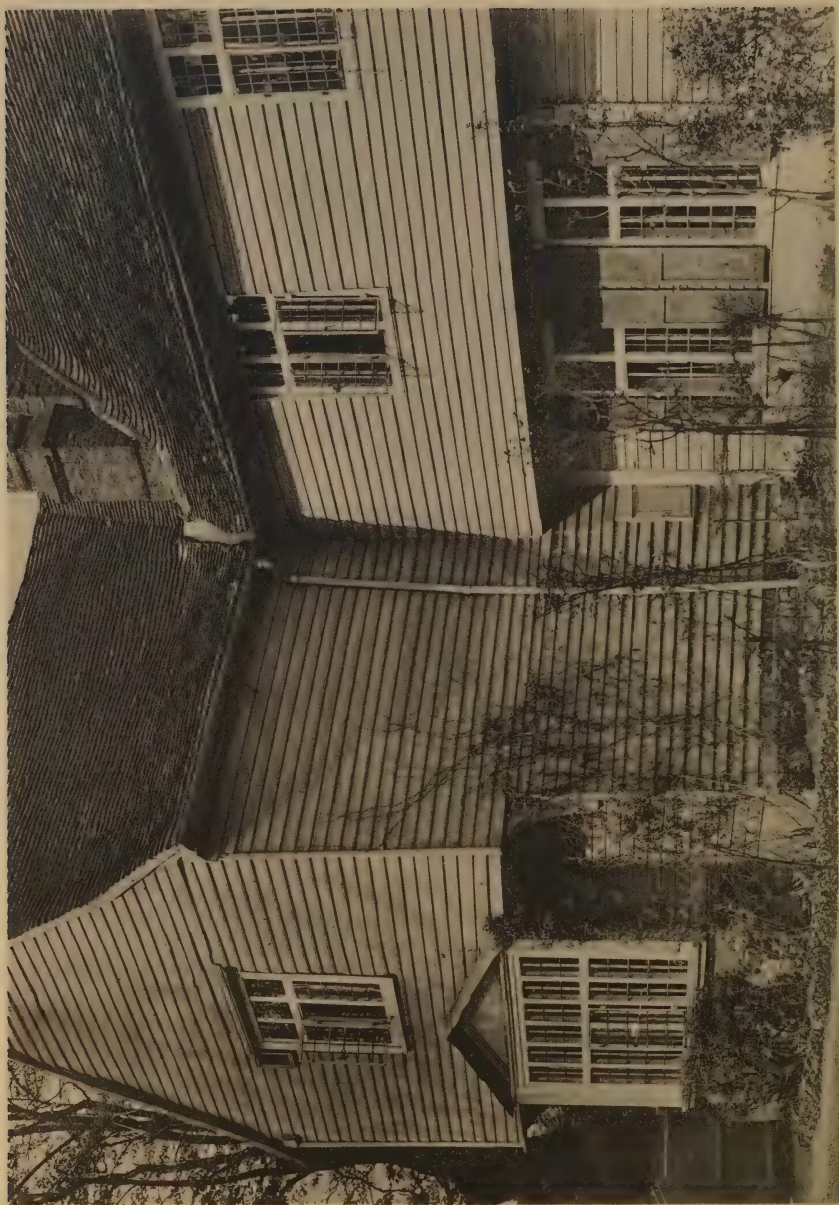








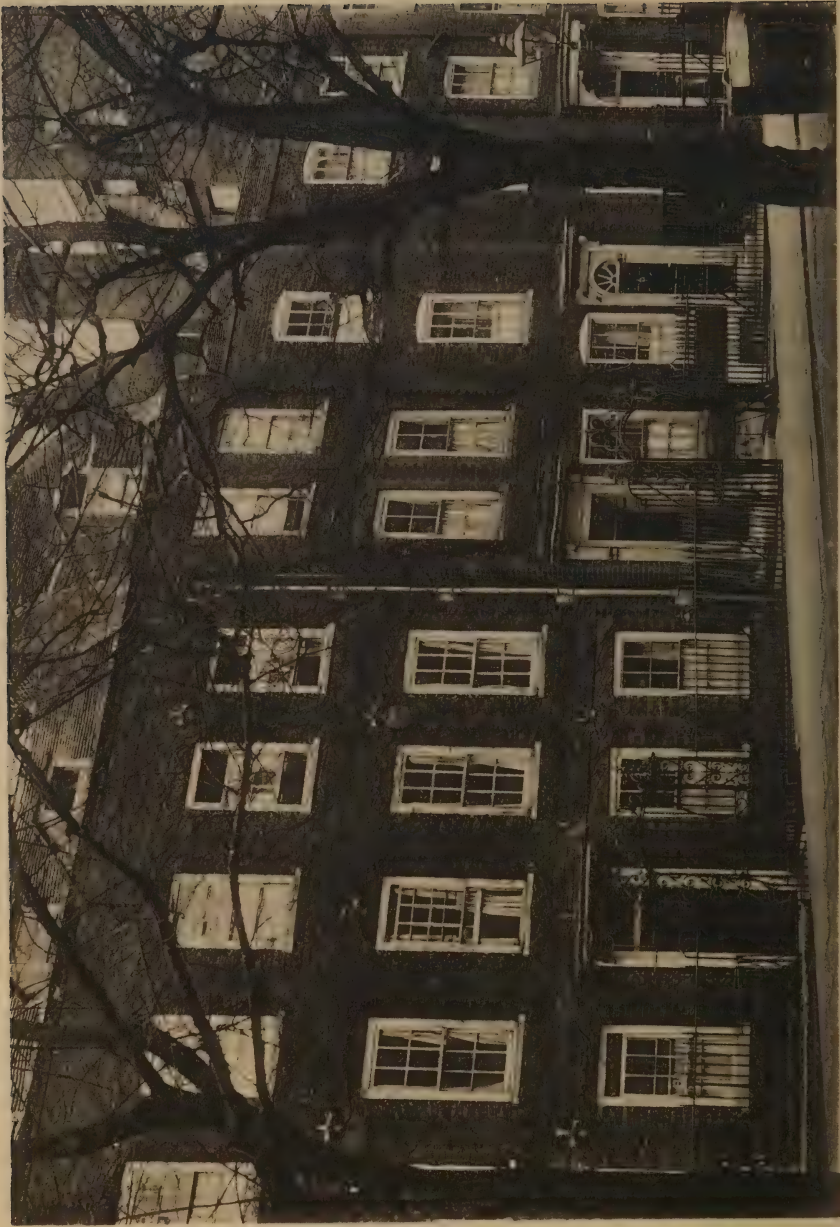








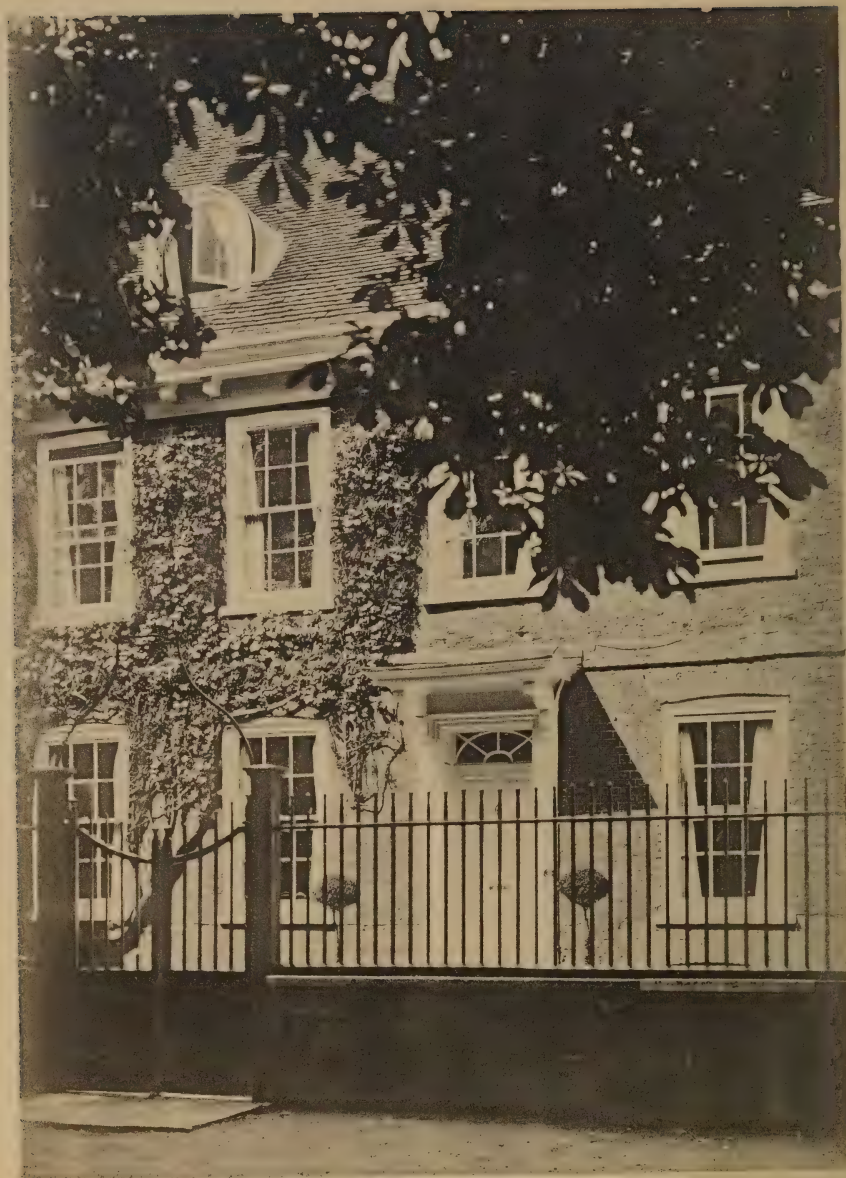






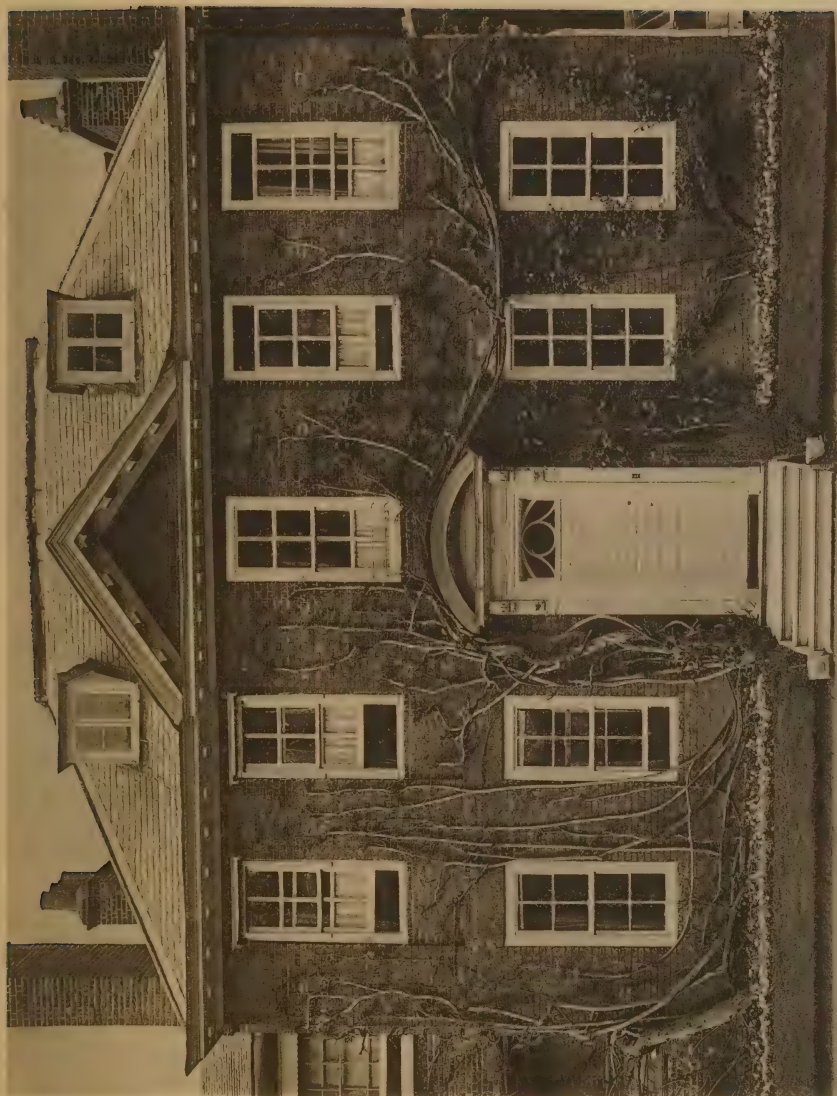










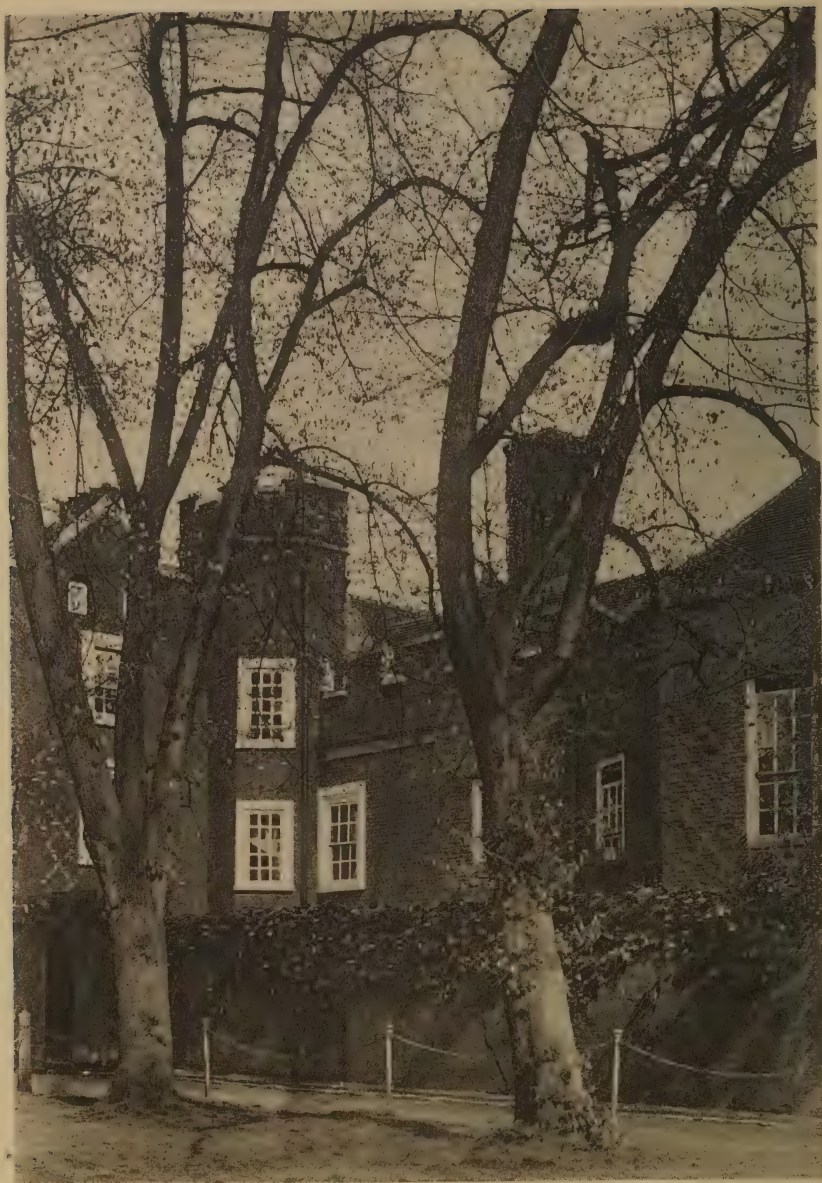


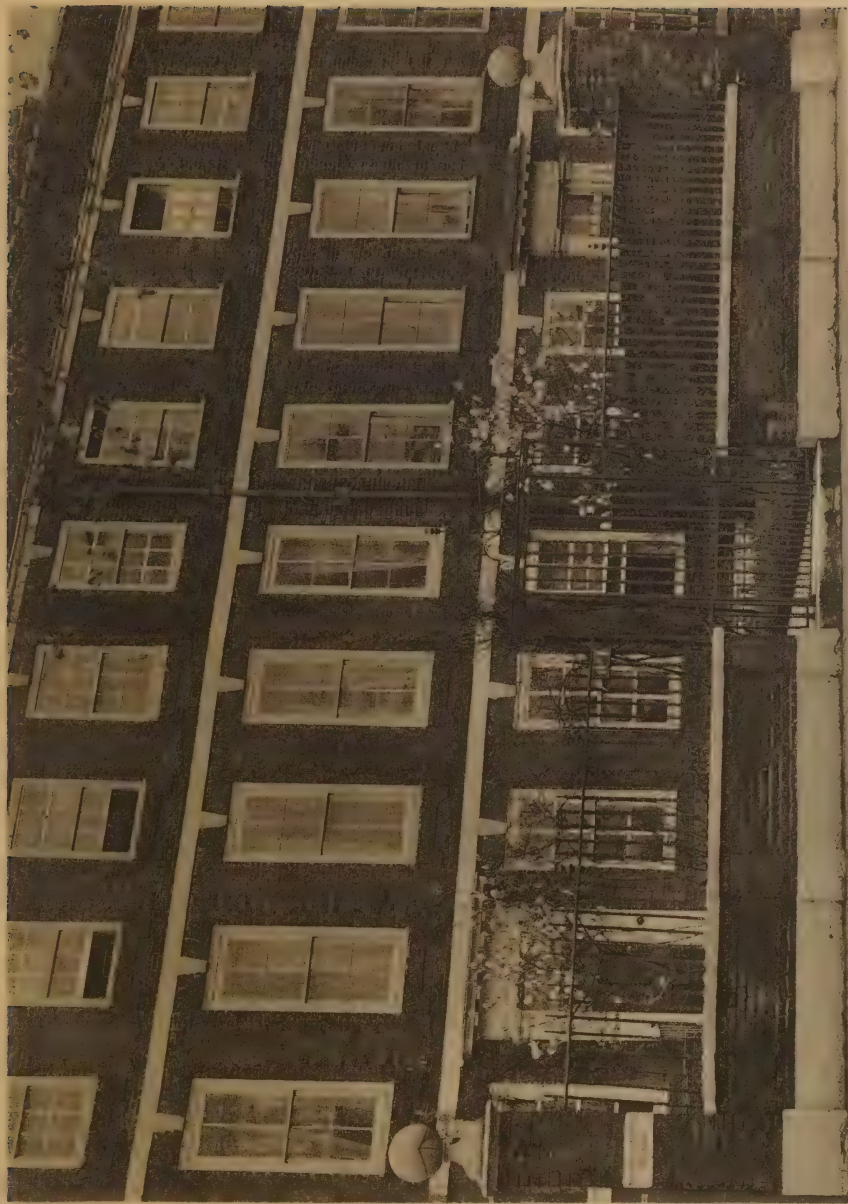






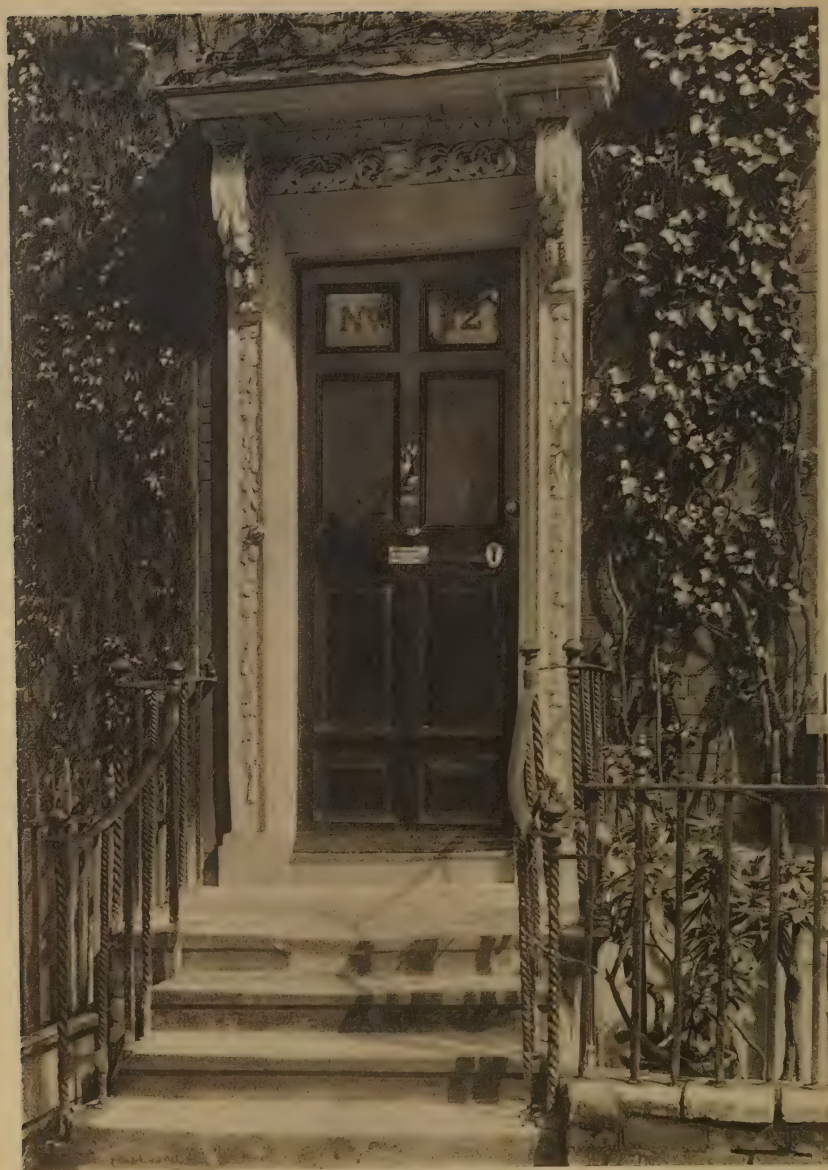












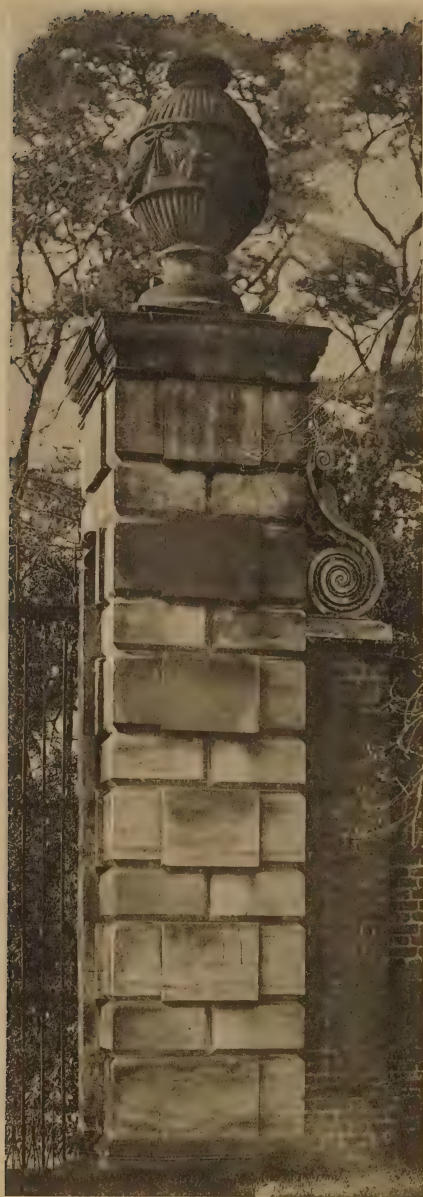




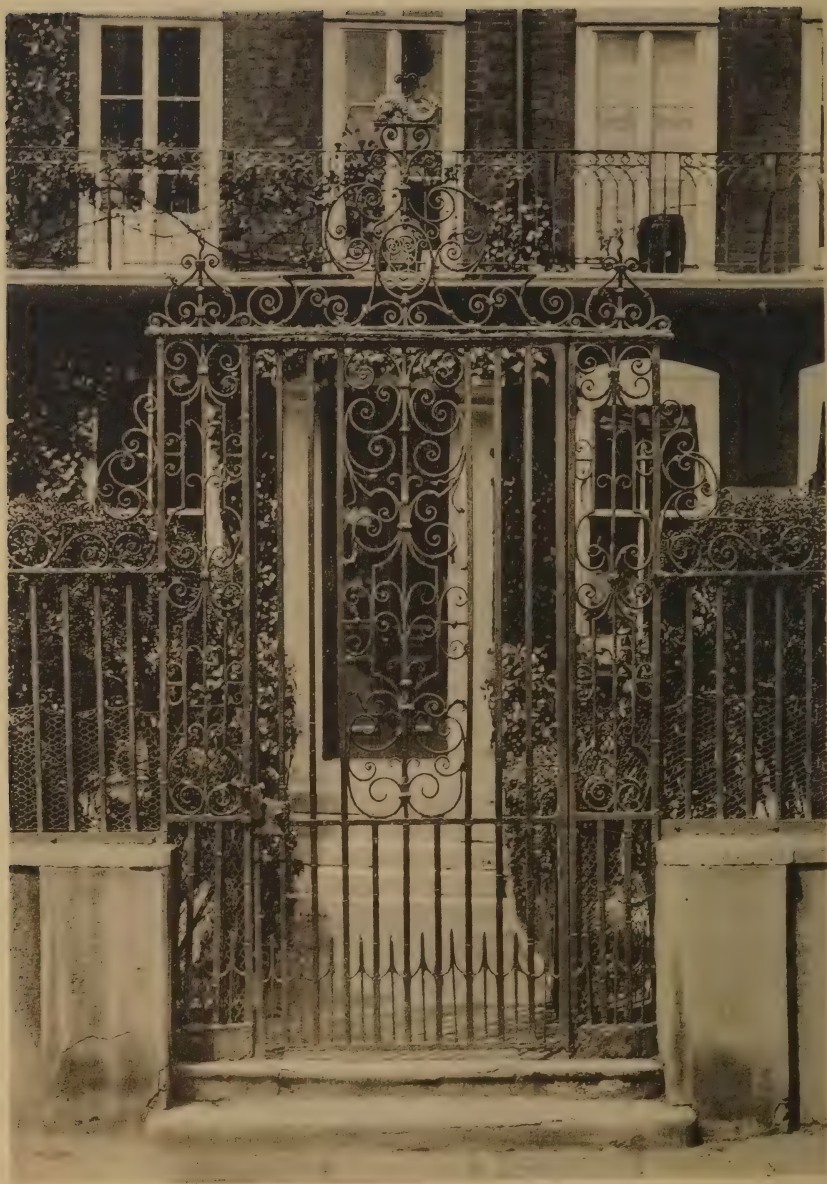










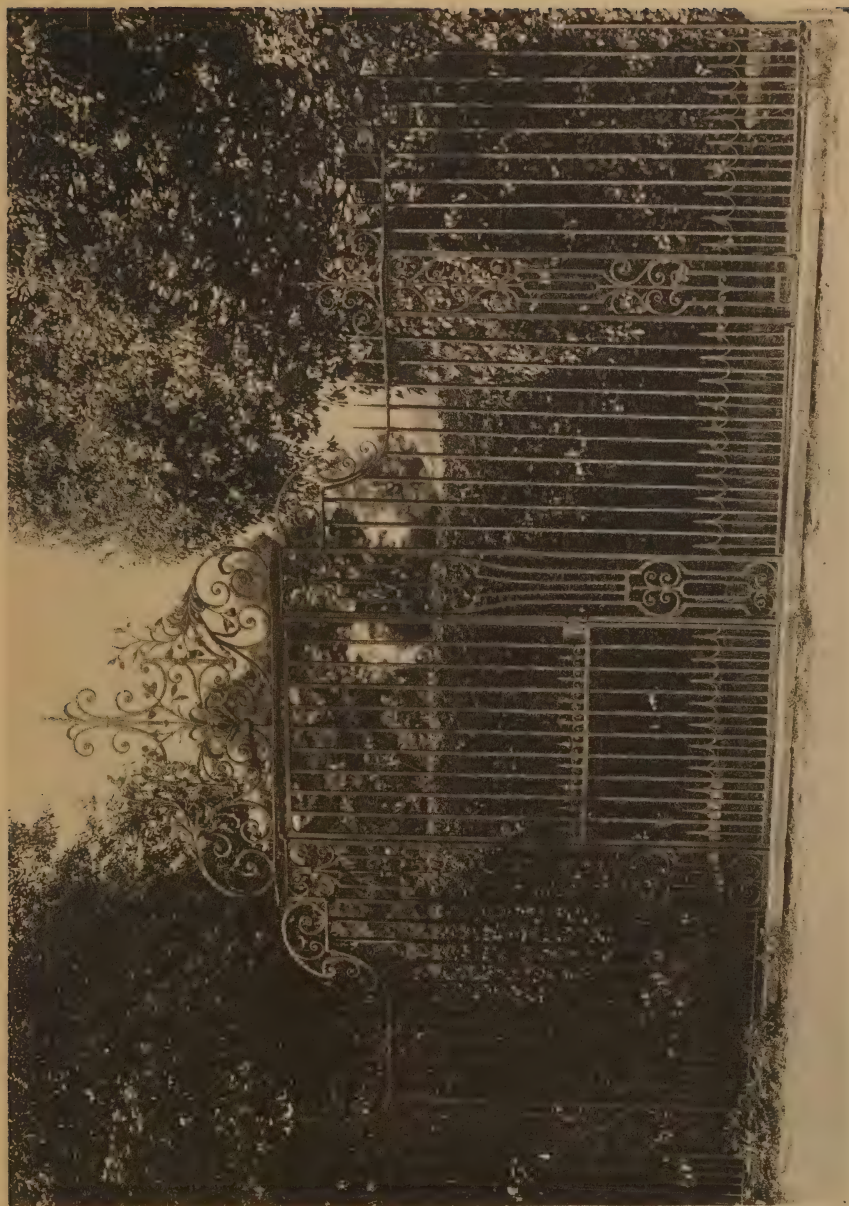


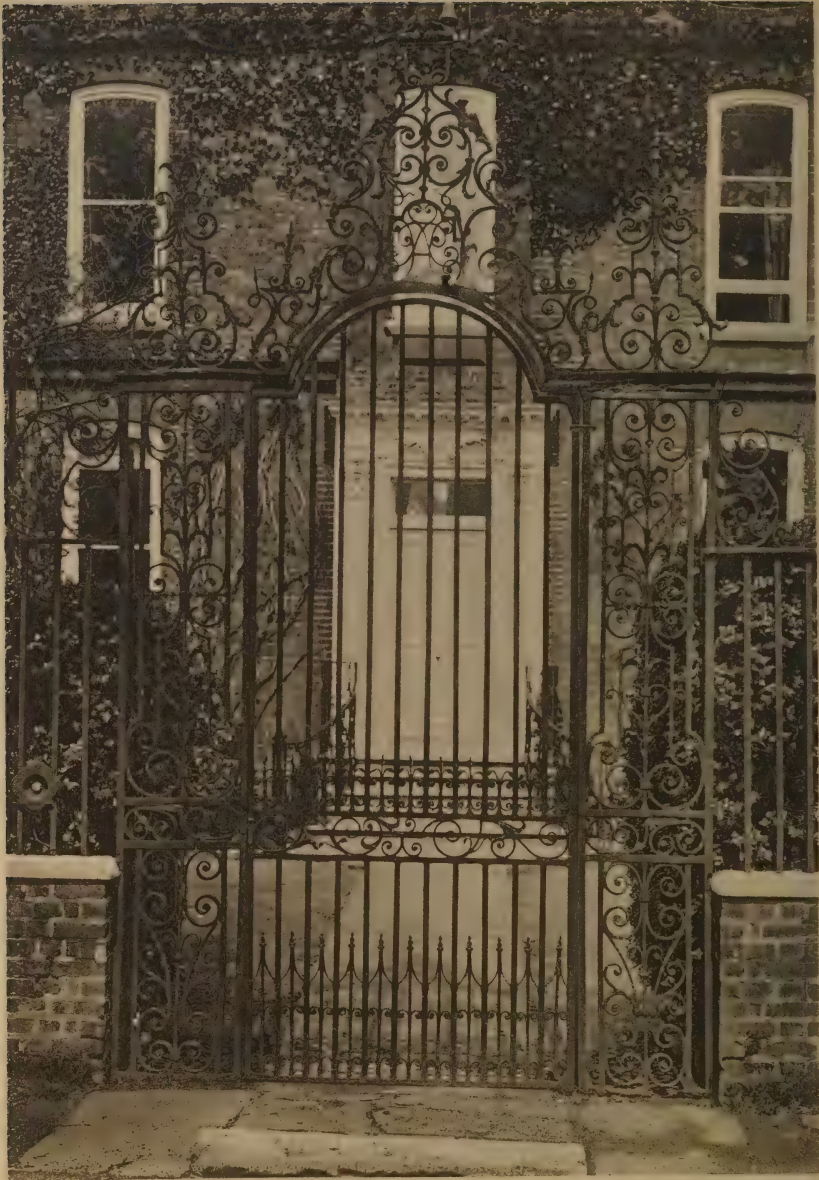














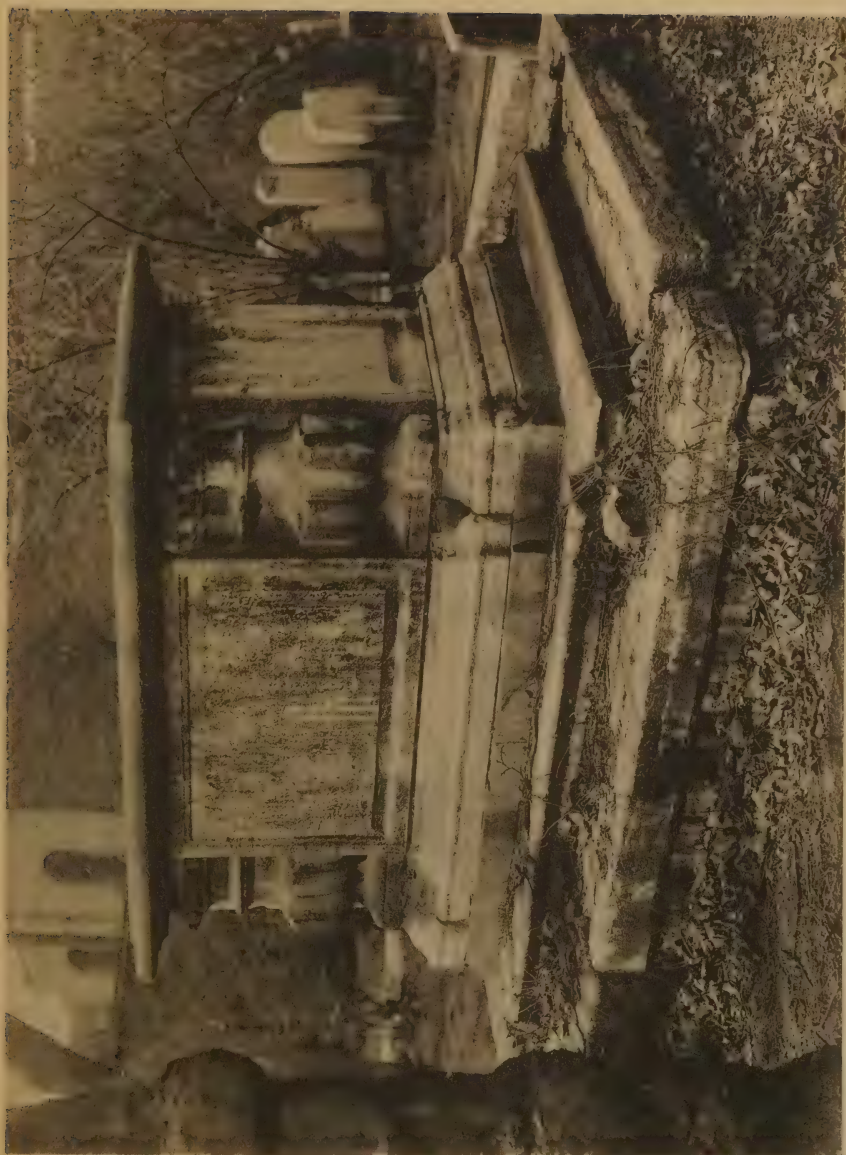


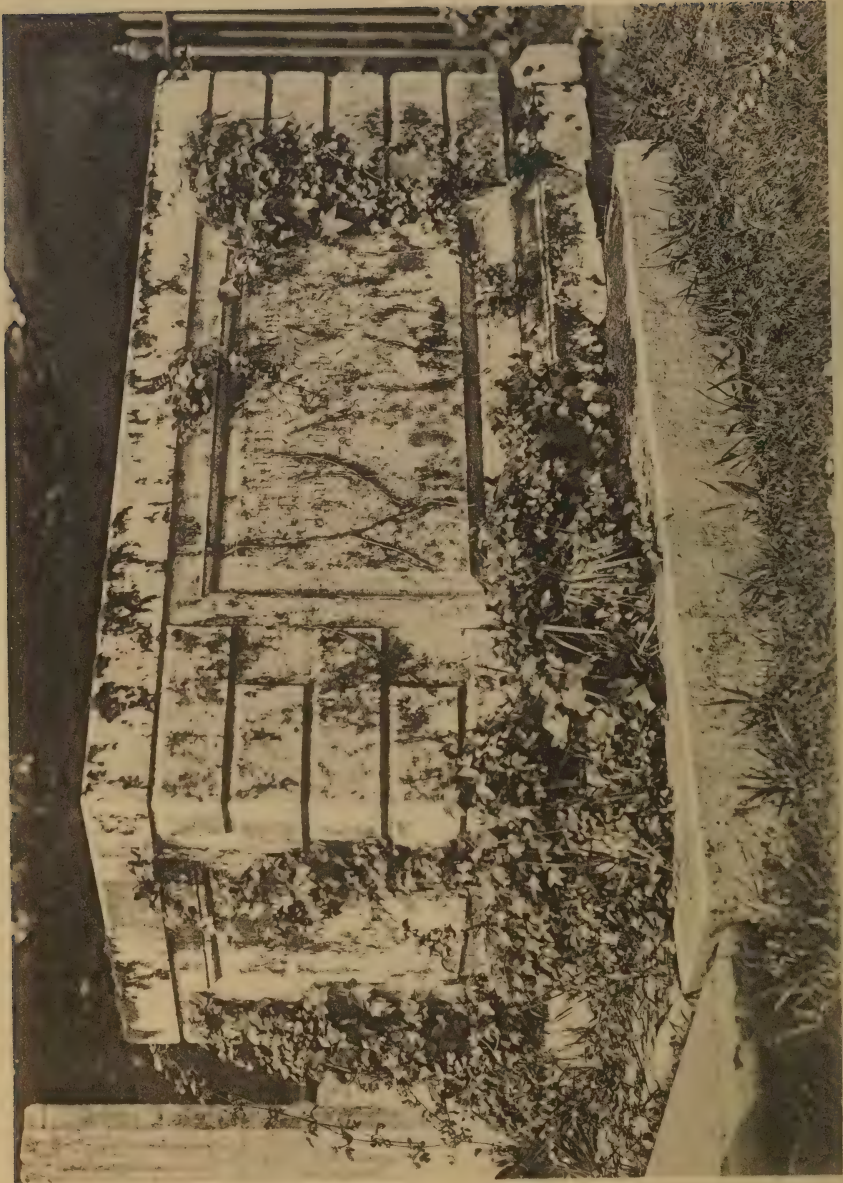




















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